THE FIRST 4 ISSUES...COMPLETE!

People Searching for Peace of Mind through...

PSYCHOANALYSIS

VOL 1

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ID BITS

This magazine, PSYCHOANALYSIS, the fifth of E.C.'s "New Direction" publications, is our most difficult and revolutionary creative effort thus far. Through the medium of the comic format, we will attempt to portray, graphically and dramatically, the manner in which people find peace of mind through the science of psychoanalysis.

Psychoanalysis is the psychology of the unconscious mind. To understand the human mind by the study of consciousness alone would be the same as to attempt to learn the structure and content of the ocean depths by examination of the surface waters. It is in the unconscious mind that are located the basic reservoirs of emotion. It is there that the roots and sources of passion and prejudice, love and hate are hidden. Most emotional disorders are the result of a tug-of-war between the unconscious and conscious minds! Through analysis, this tug-of-war is dissolved.

However, don't let this technical stuff scare you away. First and foremost, this magazine has been produced for your entertainment. You're going to meet three troubled and tormented people...not mental cases, mind you (for the insane cannot be helped by psychoanalysis), but people who are plagued by the same type of emotional disturbances that may be plaguing you or us. You will see how the analyst helps these people discover the subconscious bases for their emotional disorders. This is done by taking the patient back, mentally, to the source of his unsolved conflicts, activating the factors once again, and aiding in a new and better solution. This is the method of psychoanalysis.

An analysis, ordinarily, is a fairly long procedure...frequently taking two or more years. If an outsider was given the privilege of listening in on an actual analysis, the main effect upon him would be a boredom beyond all endurance. Therefore, for dramatic effect and entertainment value, we plan to telescope each analysis into three to five issue-sessions, according to the severity of the particular patient's problems. For example, Freddy Carter will run four issue-sessions; Ellen Lyman, three; and Mark Stone, five. At the completion of each analysis, a new patient...with new problems...will be introduced. (Who knows, you might eventually meet YOU!)

Another liberty we have taken is with the role of the psychoanalyst himself. Ordinarily, in real life, he gives no advice, and neither criticizes nor condones, praises nor blames. His work is limited solely to assisting the patient to an interpretation of his own thoughts and feelings. Again, for dramatic effect and entertainment value, "our" analyst *actively* guides the patient in making his discoveries.

Several psychiatrists checked over the proofs of this first issue. They, too, noted the condensed treatment and the non-passive role of the analyst. Aside from these, and a few minor faults which we will correct in future issues, they were, for the most part, highly enthusiastic.

As is traditional at E.C., we, the editors, for this first issue, have taken over what in future issues will be *your* space...your letter page in "Psychoanalysis." Please write and tell us what you think. You are our guide. Compliment, criticize, suggest! We want, as always, to please you. We'll print all of your letters that we can in "Id Bits" in our third issue. Thanks for listening.

The Editors
Psychoanalysis

THIS IS A PSYCHIATRIST! INTO HIS PEACEFUL, TASTEFULLY-DECORATED, SUBDUED OFFICE COME THE TORMENTED AND THE DRIVEN, SEEKING TO UNRAVEL THE TANGLED EMOTIONAL SKEINS THAT CLOUD AND KNOT THEIR BROKEN LIVES. SKILLFULLY GUIDED BY HIM PAST THE SUB-SURFACE REEFS OF FEARS AND GUILTS AND ANXIETIES, HIS PATIENTS EVENTUALLY DISCOVER FOR THEMSELVES THE COURSE TO SELF-UNDERSTANDING, PEACE AND TRUE PERSONAL HAPPINESS WHICH LIES LIKE A RICH TREASURE WAITING TO BE UNEARTHED. AND THE *MAP* TO THIS TREASURE... THE *KEY* TO ITS LOCK... IS *FOUND* THROUGH...

PSYCHOANALYSIS

THE PSYCHIATRIST IS WAITING NOW FOR THE *FIRST* OF *THREE NEW PATIENTS* WHO WILL COME TO HIM IN THIS ISSUE FOR *HELP*. WE WILL MEET THEM AND FOLLOW THEIR TREATMENT *TOGETHER*. *READY?* THEN LET'S OPEN THE FILE ON...

CASE NO. 101-MALE

SUBJECT'S NAME:

SESSION 1

FREDDY CARTER

THE SUBJECT, FREDDY CARTER, A BOY OF ABOUT 15, WAS ACCOMPANIED BY HIS PARENTS. EVEN IN THE WAITING ROOM, THEY STARED AT HIM IN DISBELIEF. HE HAD DESTROYED THEIR HOPES AND DREAMS. HE HAD VIOLATED THEIR TRUST... DISGRACED THEIR NAME. THE MOST HANDSOME AND SUCCESSFUL COUPLE IN THE COMMUNITY, POPULAR AND ADMIRED BY EVERYONE, SUDDENLY CURSED BY THIS STRANGE ABNORMALITY IN THEIR SON. HOW DID HE *GET* THAT WAY? HOW DID HE BECOME A *BURDEN* ON THEIR LIVES? THEY'D HAVE GIVEN *ANYTHING* TO HAVE CONCEALED THE DREAD SECRET OF HIS ACTIVITIES. AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE TORTUROUS QUESTIONS HAD PLAGUED THEIR MINDS. *WHY?* WHY HAD THIS HAPPENED TO *THEM?* WHAT HAD GONE *WRONG* WITH FREDDY? SEEKING THE ANSWERS, THEY'D BROUGHT HIM TO THE PSYCHIATRIST...

THE SUBJECT'S PARENTS ENTERED THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE AND HE CLOSED THE DOOR...

I'LL BE BLUNT WITH YOU BOTH! THE TROUBLE WITH FREDDY IS *YOU!* YOU'VE *ALWAYS* BEEN HIS TROUBLE! YOU ALWAYS *WILL* BE WHAT HE IS *TODAY*... WHAT HE'LL BE *TOMORROW*... IS *YOUR DOING, EXCLUSIVELY!*

THAT'S ABSURD! THEY SAY THE SINS OF THE PARENTS ARE ON THE CHILD! YOU ARE *REVERSING* THE PROVERB! YOU'RE MAKING *FRED'S* SINS *OURS!*

THEY ARE! THERE ARE NO DELINQUENT CHILDREN... ONLY DELINQUENT *PARENTS!*

DELINQUENT PARENTS? I? A PHI BETA KAPPA MAN... A YALE GRADUATE... A MEMBER OF THE FOREMOST ENGINEERING FIRM IN THE EAST... AN OUTSTANDING CITIZEN... CLEAN-LIVING... NOT A BREATH OF SCANDAL TO MY NAME?! *I'M* RESONSIBLE FOR THE ACTIONS OF THAT LITTLE *THIEF* OUT THERE!

"WHY IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY HAMMERING AWAY AT FRED ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF HIS STUDIES, HE'D HAVE FLUNKED OUT LONG AGO. HE HAS NO WORK HABITS... NO AMBITION... NO THIRST FOR LEARNING. HE SITS AND DREAMS ALL DAY, AS IF HE WERE IN A STUPOR! ONLY A SLAP AROUSES HIM..."

SNAP OUT OF IT! YOU SIT THERE LIKE AN IDIOT! WHAT ARE YOU *THINKING* OF?

N-NOTHING! LET ME ALONE!

"MY KID HAS AN I.Q. OF 140. HE SHOULD BE TOPS IN HIS CLASS. INSTEAD HE'S FAILED EVERY COURSE THIS TERM. I'VE TRIED EVERY METHOD OF PERSUASION... BRIBES, THREATS, BEATING, REASON..."

WITH YOUR MARKS, YOU'LL *NEVER* GO TO COLLEGE! YOU'LL *NEVER* BE ABLE TO STUDY ENGINEERING. DON'T YOU WANT TO ENTER MY *FIRM*... WORK WITH *ME* SOMEDAY?

NO! I DON'T *WANT* TO BE AN ENGINEER! I DON'T WANT TO BE *ANYTHING!*

"THE SAME WITH SPORTS. I BOUGHT HIM EVERY PIECE OF SPORTS EQUIPMENT YOU CAN NAME. I SPENT HOURS PRACTICING WITH HIM, TRYING TO BUILD UP SOME ENTHUSIASM..."

YOU CAN'T BE A *MAN* UNLESS YOU'RE GOOD IN *SPORTS!* DON'T YOU WANT THE OTHER FELLOW TO *LOOK UP* TO YOU?! DO YOU WANT TO BE CALLED A *SISSY?!*

I-I DON'T WANT *ANYTHING!* I WANT TO BE LEFT *ALONE!*

IT'S HIS *MOTHER'S* FAULT! SHE ALWAYS TRIED TO MAKE A *SISSY* OUT OF HIM! AND BY HEAVENS, *NOW* SHE'S SUCCEEDED! I *WARNED* HER! I *TOLD* HER SHE WAS CREATING A *FRANKENSTEIN!*

A *FRANKENSTEIN!?* IS IT MONSTROUS TO WANT A BOY TO GROW UP IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF CULTURE AND REFINEMENT... TO HAVE AN APPRECIATION FOR THE *FINER* THINGS IN LIFE... MUSIC, ART, LITERATURE?

JOHN IS LIKE *EVERY* AMERICAN HUSBAND... BENT ON MAKING MONEY... GETTING PLACES... SHOWING OFF HIS BANKBOOK AND HIS MUSCLES. JOHN DOESN'T CARE A *THING* FOR ART OR MUSIC OR...

WHY SHOULD I? I'M A *MAN* AND I WANT MY *SON* TO BE A MAN... NOT SOME EFFEMINATE DRIP, WRITING SONNETS ABOUT LADIES EYEBROWS OR SOAKING UP POETIC ATMOSHERE IN A DAISY FIELD...

THE TROUBLE WITH MARION IS SHE WANTED A *DAUGHTER*, NOT A SON! SO SHE DID HER BEST TO MAKE A *GIRL* OUT OF HIM. THAT WHINING, BROODING MESS OUT THERE IS *HER* DOING! WE'VE GOT *HER* TO THANK FOR IT!

I?! I'VE BEEN THE *SAVING* OF HIM!

"YOUR TRAINING CONSISTED OF SHOUTING AND CURSING AND THREATENING HIM IF YOU THOUGHT HE WAS MOVING ONE DEGREE OFF THE COURSE YOU'D SET FOR HIM IN LIFE. DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES THE POOR BOY SOBBED HIMSELF TO SLEEP IN MY ARMS?!..."

W-WHAT DOES HE *WANT* OF ME? I DON'T *LIKE* SPORTS! I DON'T *LIKE* ENGINEERING! MUST I ALWAYS DO WHAT *HE* SAYS?

NO, DEAR, YOU *DON'T!* I'LL HAVE A GOOD TALK WITH YOUR FATHER TONIGHT!

"THE 'GOOD TALK' WAS INVARIABLY A GOOD QUARREL...WITH FREDDY A TEARFUL WITNESS..."

I'M TRYING TO BRING HIM UP STRONG... RESOURCEFUL! HE'S GOT TO MAKE HIS *WAY* IN THIS WORLD. IT'S A *JUNGLE*... NOT SOME FEMININE *HOT-HOUSE!* I'M TRYING TO ARM HIM WITH A *CANNON*... NOT A *LILY!*

WHY MUST FREDDY BE BROUGHT UP LIKE A SPARTAN, CAPABLE OF *FIGHTING*, *NOT LOVING?* WHAT WAR ARE *YOU* FIGHTING, JOHN?

JOHN WANTS TO MAKE FREDDY OVER IN *HIS IMAGE!* AN ENGINEER BECAUSE *HE'S* ONE...AN ATHLETE, DITTO... A TOUGH, HARD-DRIVING DOMINEERING PERSON. BUT FREDDY ISN'T *LIKE* JOHN AT ALL! HE'S GOT A LOT OF *ME* IN HIM!

SHE *BOASTS* ABOUT IT! *I'LL* TELL YOU WHAT *SHE'S* DONE TO THE BOY!

"SHE'S MADE HIM SOFT AS MUSH...SCARED OF HIS OWN SHADOW. I'VE NEVER SEEN A KID SO HOVERED-OVER, SO OVER-PROTECTED, SO OVER-INDULGED. THE RESULTS? THE KID'S A NERVOUS HYPOCHONDRIAC..."

FOR PETE'S SAKE! STOP FEEDING HIM WITH A *SPOON!* YOU'D THINK HE WAS A *BABY!* AFTER ALL, IT'S *ONLY* A *COLD*...

A COLD CAN LEAD TO A *SORE THROAT* AND *PNEUMONIA!* WHY DON'T YOU LET ME ADMINISTER TO HIM IN *PEACE?*

"COME INTO MY HOUSE ANY AFTERNOON AND YOU'LL FIND LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY READING POETRY WITH HIS MAMA...OR PLAYING SCHUBERT...OR PAINTING PUSSYCATS AND PEONIES. WHEN I SEE IT, I JUST BOIL..."

FINISHED! NO MORE PAINTS! NO MORE PIANO-PLAYING! MY KID'S NOT GOING TO BE A *PANSY!*

HE'LL GET MORE OUT OF A *PIANO* THAN A *FOOTBALL*, JOHN CARTER... AND IF YOU DO THIS *AGAIN*... I'LL LEAVE THIS HOUSE AND TAKE *FREDDY* WITH ME!

THERE YOU HAVE IT, DOC! *I* TRY TO PUT *STARCH* IN HIM, AND *SHE* TAKES IT *OUT!* I WANT HIM TO BE A *MAN*, AND SHE WANTS HIM TO BE A *SISSY!*

AND YOU *WONDER* WHY YOUR SON IS OUT THERE IN THE WAITING ROOM NOW...A *PSYCHIATRIC CASE?*

BOTH OF YOU ARE ALSO FIT CANDIDATES FOR THAT COUCH! YOU'RE TWO NEUROTICS, STUBBORNLY INSISTING UPON IMPOSING YOUR WAY OF LIFE, YOUR IDEALS ON A HELPLESS CHILD. HE'S TORN IN TWO DIRECTIONS... NOT KNOWING WHOM TO PLEASE... AND THEREFORE PLEASING NEITHER!

B-BUT DOES THAT CONDONE THIEVERY? THE BOY STOLE A WRIST WATCH! HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT ELSE HE'S STOLEN THAT HASN'T COME TO LIGHT. NEITHER MARION NOR I TAUGHT HIM TO STEAL!

WE'VE GIVE HIM EVERY LUXURY! HE HAS THREE WRIST WATCHES. WHY DID HE STEAL THIS ONE? THINK OF THE SCANDAL! RUINING OUR GOOD NAME! ALL OF OUR FRIENDS ARE TALKING! WE'RE A DISGRACE!

YOUR BOY'S FUTURE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOUR OWN PETTY REPUTATIONS! DO YOU KNOW WHY A PERSON STEALS?

CERTAINLY! TO GET SOMETHING HE HASN'T GOT!

EXACTLY! AND YOUR SON STOLE THAT WATCH BECAUSE HE WANTED SOMETHING HE DIDN'T HAVE! AFFECTION!

BUT THAT'S ABSURD! FREDDY HAS HAD NOTHING BUT AFFECTION! WE'VE SMOTHERED HIM WITH IT...

WHAT YOU CALL AFFECTION MAY NOT BE AFFECTION AT ALL, MRS. CARTER. BUT THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO SEE FREDDY! YOU BOTH CAN GO. DON'T WAIT OUTSIDE! TAKE A WALK...

B-BUT...

C'MON, MARION! LET THE DOCTOR GO TO WORK ON THE LITTLE FOOL. THAT'S WHY HE'S HERE!

THE SUBJECT'S PARENTS PASSED OUT THROUGH THE WAITING ROOM. THE DOCTOR SHOOK HIS HEAD...

THERE'S 90% OF THE TROUBLE... A BAD MARRIAGE... INCESSANT QUARRELS OVER REARING THE CHILD... THE FATHER PULLING ONE WAY... THE MOTHER, THE OTHER. NO WONDER THE BOY'S IN A STATE OF REBELLION AGAINST BOTH OF THEM!

THE DOCTOR BECKONED TO THE SUBJECT. THE BOY HESITATED, THEN ENTERED THE OFFICE...

HOW HE STARES AT ME! SUSPICIOUS... FRIGHTENED... MISERABLE. HE THINKS I WANT SOMETHING OF HIM, TOO!

LISTEN TO ME, FREDDY... CAREFULLY. YOU'VE FAILED YOUR STUDIES... YOU PLAY HOOKY FROM SCHOOL... YOU'VE DROPPED SPORTS... YOU WON'T PLAY THE PIANO OR PAINT... YOU SCARCELY GO OUT! WHEN YOU DO, YOU STEAL THINGS! WHY!

I... I DON'T KNOW!

WHATEVER PEOPLE DO, THEY DO FOR A *REASON*, FREDDY. YOU HAD A REASON FOR STEALING THAT *WRISTWATCH!* WHAT MADE YOU STEAL IT FROM YOUR *BEST FRIEND?*

I...I DON'T *KNOW!* I JUST *WANTED* IT! IT WAS *HIS* WATCH!

WHAT WAS SO *DIFFERENT* ABOUT *HIS* WATCH? *TELL* ME ABOUT YOUR *FRIEND!* WHAT'S HIS NAME?

BILLY! BILLY *ADAMS!* I...I STOLE *OTHER* THINGS FROM BILLY! MY FOLKS DON'T *KNOW* ABOUT *THEM* YET! THEY'LL HAVE A *FIT* WHEN THEY FIND OUT!

YOU *WANT* TO UPSET THEM, *DON'T* YOU? YOU WANT TO SEE THEM *UNHAPPY!* AS UNHAPPY AS THEY'VE MADE *YOU!* YOU WANT TO *PUNISH* THEM... *HUMILIATE* THEM. IT'S A KIND OF *REVENGE*, ISN'T IT, FREDDY?

YES! MAYBE THEY'LL LEAVE ME *ALONE* NOW THAT THEY KNOW I'M *NO GOOD!* I *STOLE*... AND I'M GOING TO *KEEP ON* STEALING! I'LL WIND UP IN *PRISON!*

VERY LIKELY, FREDDY... BUT OF COURSE YOU'LL BE PUNISHING *YOURSELF* MOST OF ALL. YOU DON'T WANT TO DO *THAT*, DO YOU? IT'S NOT *SENSIBLE!* HOW ABOUT *BILLY?* HOW DOES HE GET ALONG WITH *HIS* FOLKS?

FINE... GREAT! HE DOESN'T HAVE *HALF* THE THINGS I'VE GOT... BUT *HIS* FOLK'S AREN'T ALWAYS ON HIS *NECK*... TELLING HIM TO DO *THIS* OR *THAT*...

"BILLY'S MOTHER... SHE'S ALWAYS SMILING... ALWAYS SAYING SOMETHING NICE ABOUT HIM. SHE LETS HIM ALONE. SHE LETS HIM DO WHAT HE WANTS..."

PERSONALLY, I HATE THIS CARPENTRY MESS... BUT BILLY'S CRAZY ABOUT WOODWORKING. I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO STOP HIM. A BOY SHOULD DO WHAT HE *WANTS*, ISN'T THAT *RIGHT*, FREDDY?

Y-YES MA'AM!

"AND BILLY'S FATHER. HE'S A LAWYER, BUT DOES HE WANT BILLY TO BE A LAWYER? NO! HE LETS HIM ALONE..."

MY FATHER WAS A SEA CAPTAIN! THE LAST THING HE WANTED WAS FOR ME TO BE A LANDLUBBER! BUT YOU CAN'T STAND BETWEEN A MAN AND HIS CALLING! BILLY CAN BE WHATEVER HE WANTS... WHATEVER WILL MAKE HIM HAPPY...

B-BUT DON'T YOU *MAKE* HIM READ LAW BOOKS? DON'T YOU WANT HIM TO BE GOOD IN *SPORTS?* DON'T YOU WANT TO BE *PROUD* OF BILLY?

I'M PROUD OF BILLY *JUST THE WAY HE IS*, FREDDY! SO LONG AS HE GROWS UP *HONEST* AND *INDUSTRIOUS*, I'M *SATISFIED*. BESIDES, BILLY'S *NO GOOD* AT SPORTS! HE LIKES *WOODWORKING*. AND *I'M PROUD* OF HIS WOODWORKING. HE DOESN'T *HAVE* TO BE A *FOOTBALL STAR* FOR ME.

I...I SEE...

YOU'VE TOLD ME HOW BILLY'S PARENTS LOVE AND RESPECT HIM EVEN IF HE *DOESN'T* DO EXACTLY WHAT THEY'D LIKE HIM TO DO. *NOW*, DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU WERE *NOT* STEALING BILLY'S *WRIST WATCH!?* YOU WERE STEALING BILLY'S *PARENTS!*

HOW...HOW COULD I DO *THAT?*

YOU *COULDN'T!* THAT'S WHY WHAT YOU *DID* WAS SO *FUTILE*, FREDDY. IN YOUR SUB-*CONSCIOUS MIND* YOU WANTED THE *LOVE*, THE *HAPPINESS*, THE *SECURITY* THAT BILLY ENJOYED...THAT BILLY *GOT* FROM HIS *PARENTS*. SO YOU TOOK WHAT YOU COULD LAY YOUR *HANDS* ON... A *SYMBOL*... AN *OBJECT*... SOMETHING THAT *BELONGED* TO BILLY AS TRULY AS HIS *HAPPINESS!*

IS...IS *THAT* WHY I DID IT?

"I W-WONDERED...EVEN AS I STOLE IT...LIKE WHEN I STOLE THE OTHER THINGS...HIS PEN-KNIFE...HIS COMPASS...A SET OF NYASSALAND TRIANGLES...I *WONDERED* WHY I FELT SO *UNHAPPY*...WHY I WAS SUDDENLY *HATING* BILLY..."

I HOPE HE GOES CRAZY *LOOKING* FOR IT! I HOPE HE FEELS *AWFUL!* I HOPE HIS FOLKS *YELL* AT HIM! MAYBE HE'LL STOP *SMILING* SO MUCH! WHY SHOULD *HE* BE *HAPPY* ALL THE TIME...?

NOW DO YOU SEE, FREDDY? YOU HUNGERED FOR THE LOVE BILLY ENJOYED. YOU ENVIED HIM. LIKE BILLY, YOU WANT TO BE LOVED FOR *YOURSELF ALONE* AND NOT FOR WHAT YOU *ACCOMPLISH*. YOU WANT YOUR PARENTS TO LOVE YOU *REGARDLESS* OF WHAT YOU DO!

Y-YES... YES...SOB... BUT THEY *DON'T!* THEY *HATE* ME! THEY'RE A-*ASHAMED* OF ME!

UNLESS I DO WHAT *DAD* WANTS, HE *YELLS* AT ME AND *LICKS* ME. AND MOM *NAGS* ME TO DEATH UNLESS I DO WHAT *SHE* SAYS...SOB! WHY MUST IT *BE* THAT WAY?! *WHY? WHY?*

I...I HATE THEM! *I HATE THEM! I HATE THEM!*

SO YOU DO POORLY IN SPORTS... FAIL IN SCHOOL...AND REFUSE TO BECOME AN ENGINEER TO EXPRESS YOUR *RESENTMENT* AGAINST YOUR *FATHER!*

I...I GUESS SO! I... I GUESS I COULD DO BETTER...IF I *WANTED* TO!

AND YOUR *MOTHER?* WHY DO YOU HATE *HER*, FREDDY?

FOR MAKING A *SISSY* OUT OF ME!

DAD'S RIGHT! I'M A MAMA'S BOY! SHE TAUGHT ME TO LIKE MUSIC AND PAINTING. I HATE HER FOR IT!
BUT YOU DO LIKE THEM, FREDDY! ISN'T THAT TRUE!?
NO! NO!
LISTEN TO ME, FREDDY! LISTEN AND UNDERSTAND! MANY AMERICAN MEN... FATHERS... THINK THAT THEIR SONS MUST PROVE THEIR MASCULINITY BY INDULGING IN SPORTS. IT'S THEIR OWN OVER-REACTION TO A FEAR OF THEIR OWN FEMININITY!
BUT THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN THE WORSHIP OF THE VIRILE ATHLETE! THIS IS NOT THE CAVE MAN ERA! THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY! WE'VE COME A LONG WAY! WE'VE DEVELOPED ART... MUSIC... LITERATURE...
AND YOU HAVE A LEANING TOWARD THESE ARTISTIC PURSUITS! THEY'RE NOT FEMININE, FREDDY! YOUR FATHER HAS MADE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR TALENTS BECAUSE HE HASN'T GOT THEM HIMSELF!
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE FLUNKING OUT... GIVING UP SPORTS... STEALING AFFECTION... BECAUSE YOU'RE TRYING TO PUNISH HIM FOR NOT LOVING YOU AS YOU ARE!
AND YOUR MOTHER! THE REASON YOU HATE HER IS BECAUSE SHE'S ENCOURAGED YOU AND THEREFORE ALIENATED YOU FROM YOUR FATHER. YOU'RE ANGRY AT HER FOR THIS. YOU HATE HER BECAUSE YOU HATE YOURSELF!
AND THAT'S FOOLISH, FRED. A PERSON SHOULD NEVER HATE HIMSELF FOR BEING WHAT HE IS! HE SHOULD BE PROUD OF WHAT HE IS! DON'T YOU WANT TO BE PROUD OF WHAT YOU ARE?
Y-YES, DOCTOR. B-BUT CAN I BE? CAN I?
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE, FREDDY... AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE COMING BACK. YOU'RE GOING TO MEET A STRANGER... A PRETTY TERRIFIC GUY WHO LIVES INSIDE YOU... A GUY WHO WOULD JUST AS SOON DESTROY YOU AS MAKE YOU HAPPY. WHEN YOU REALLY GET TO KNOW HIM... YOU'LL BE PROUD OF HIM! NOW, SCRAM OUT OF HERE! YOUR TIME'S UP!
THANKS, DOCTOR! THANKS A LOT! I'LL... I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

CASE NO. 102·FEMALE

SESSION 1

SUBJECT'S NAME :

ELLEN LYMAN

THE SUBJECT WAS A TENSE, BESPECTACLED YOUNG WOMAN OF 19. HER FACE WAS PALE AND DRAWN. SHE SEEMED TO BE UNDER GREAT EMOTIONAL STRAIN. SHE LOOKED UP SHARPLY AS THE PSYCHIATRIST'S PREVIOUS PATIENT...THE YOUNG BOY...PASSED THROUGH THE WAITING ROOM AND OUT OF THE OFFICE. HER RIGHT HAND TIGHTENED UP INTO A FIST AND A LOOK OF PANIC SEEMED TO ENGULF HER FACE. THE PSYCHIATRIST CAME OUT TO MEET HER. . .

MISS... *LYMAN?*

WON'T YOU COME *IN*, MISS LYMAN?

Y-YES!

THE SUBJECT AROSE NERVOUSLY, LOOKED AROUND AT HER CHAIR TO SEE IF SHE'D FORGOTTEN ANYTHING, THEN FOLLOWED THE DOCTOR TO THE DOOR OF HIS INNER OFFICE. SUDDENLY, SHE STARED IN AT THE COUCH AND THE CHAIR AND THE SUBDUED LIGHT AND HER FRIGHTENED EYES MIRRORED HER TERROR OF THIS AWFUL MOMENT. . .

COME RIGHT IN, PLEASE... AND WE'LL GET STARTED!

I...I...I WANTED TO CHANGE MY APPOINTMENT, DOCTOR. I HAVE AN *AWFUL HEADACHE* AND I DON'T THINK *TODAY* WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO *START*...

MISS LYMAN, THIS ISN'T GOING TO *EASY* FOR YOU, IT'S *TRUE*... BUT THERE'S *NO USE RUNNING AWAY FROM IT!* YOU *CAN'T ESCAPE* BY *RUNNING*...YOU'VE *FOUND* THAT *OUT!*

I...I KNOW! EVEN...EVEN *PILLS* DON'T HELP ANY MORE. I... *I'LL* BE ALL RIGHT!

KRAMER

THE SUBJECT TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND STEPPED ACROSS THE THRESHOLD. SHE WAS TREMBLING, AND SHE WINCED AND FURROWED HER BROW...

ACCORDING TO YOUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN, YOU SUFFER FROM *MIGRAINE HEADACHES*, MISS LYMAN. DO YOU HAVE ONE *NOW?*

Y-YES, DOCTOR... I *DO!*

ARE THEY VERY *PAINFUL*, MISS LYMAN?

YES, DOCTOR. THEY'RE *BLINDING!* SOMETIMES, THEY'RE SO BAD, I CAN'T EVEN *SEE!* I'VE *ALWAYS* HAD MIGRAINES, BUT *NEVER* AS *FREQUENTLY* AS IN THE *LAST YEAR* OR SO. *NOW*, THEY'RE ALMOST *CONSTANT!*

WHAT *OTHER* SYMPTOMS BESIDE THESE HEADACHES DO YOU SUFFER FROM?

I GET OCCASIONAL *DIZZY SPELLS*. AND I'M *ALWAYS TIRED*... YET *I DON'T SLEEP WELL!* IT'S THE *HEADACHES*, THOUGH, THAT ARE BECOMING *UNBEARABLE*...

WHAT DID YOUR FAMILY DOCTOR *SAY* ABOUT THESE HEADACHES?

DOCTOR BAKER COULD FIND *NOTHING WRONG...PHYSICALLY!* MY EYEGLASS PRESCRIPTION WAS CHECKED. X-RAYS WERE TAKEN. I WAS GIVEN THOROUGH EXAMINATIONS. DR. BAKER SAYS I'M *HEALTHY!* BUT HOW *CAN* I BE HEALTHY WHEN I *FEEL LIKE THIS?*

WELL-BEING DOES NOT *ALWAYS* STEM FROM *PHYSICAL HEALTH*, MISS LYMAN. THE ROMANS SAID, "*MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO*"... A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY. IT'S *A TWO-EDGED SWORD!*

YOU'RE HINTING AT WHAT DOCTOR BAKER HINTED AT... THAT MY *MIND ISN'T SOUND!*

MISS LYMAN, MANY ILLS ARE WHAT WE CALL "*PSYCHOSOMATIC*." THEY ARE MANIFESTATIONS OF A STATE OF MIND! THEY ARE CAUSED BY EMOTIONAL ILLS! YOUR HEADACHES ARE OF THIS NATURE! ONCE WE *CLEAR UP* THESE *EMOTIONAL DISTURBANCES*, YOUR *HEADACHES*...YOUR *DIZZY SPELLS* WILL *VANISH!*

YOU SAY YOU *DON'T SLEEP WELL*, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE *TIRED* ALL THE TIME! *TELL* ME ABOUT IT!

THERE'S NOTHING TO *TELL*, DOCTOR. I...I *TOSS* AND *TURN* ALL NIGHT. IF I *DO* FALL ASLEEP, I WAKE UP SHIVERING AND FRIGHTENED ... FROM THE *DREAM!*

THE DREAM, MISS LYMAN? YOU HAVE A *RECURRING DREAM* THAT AFFECTS YOU ADVERSELY?

YES, DOCTOR. IT'S...IT'S SOME SORT OF *NIGHTMARE!* I HAVE IT *ALL THE TIME!*

A DREAM IS A KIND OF MIRROR THAT REFLECTS THE HIDDEN, SUPPRESSED DESIRES AND WISHES AND MOTIVATIONS OF THE *SUB-CONSCIOUS* MIND. BY *ANALYZING* DREAMS, WE CAN GET A TRUE PICTURE OF OUR *REAL THOUGHTS* AND *FEELINGS*. TELL ME ABOUT THE DREAM, MISS LYMAN...

IT'S...IT'S *ALWAYS* THE *SAME*, DOCTOR. I... I *DREAM* I'M *WALKING*...

"...WALKING IN A STRANGE AND LONELY WASTELAND... A FRIGHTENING PLACE... A KIND OF DRY ARID SANDY DESERT SPOTTED WITH SKELETONS AND WEIRDLY-SHAPED GNARLED, TWISTED, DEAD TREES..."

"IT'S DARK...AND MISTY... AND SHAPES SEEMED TO EMERGE FROM THE EVIL SHADOWS TO MENACE ME. THE WIND IS BITING. I CAN FEEL IT. I'M TERRORIZED. I FEEL LOST. I CRY OUT, BUT THERE'S NO ONE TO HEAR ME..."

HELP! PLEASE! PLEASE HELP ME! SOMEONE! HELP ME!

"I BEGIN TO RUN...WILDLY... THROUGH THE SWIRLING FOG. SUDDENLY, I'M A LITTLE GIRL...CRYING...THE ECHOES OF MY SOBS COMING BACK TO ME...MOCKING ME... ALMOST LAUGHING AT ME..."

HELP... SOB... *HELP*... SOB, SOB...

"I KEEP RUNNING. MY LEGS ARE SMALL AND WEAK AND I HARDLY GO ANYWHERE. I RUN ON AND ON UNTIL I FALL EXHAUSTED. THEN, DESPITE MY NUMBING WEARINESS, I SENSE THAT, SOMEHOW, I HAVE *ESCAPED* THAT AWFUL PLACE..."

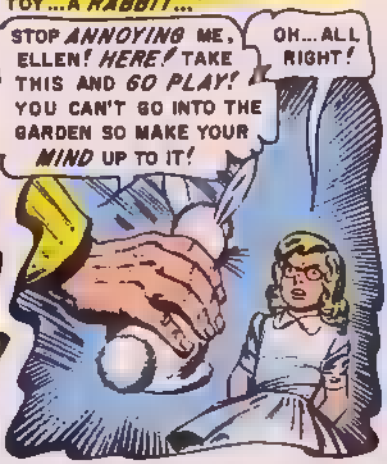
"I LIFT MY HEAD. I AM IN A VERDANT MEADOW. I SEE A *BLUEBIRD* SINGING ON A BUSH. HE FLITTERS ABOUT..."

"THEN HE FLIES OFF. I GET TO MY FEET AND FOLLOW HIM. THE BLUEBIRD LEADS ME THROUGH SWEET-SMELLING FIELDS. AT LAST, WE REACH A *WALLED GARDEN*. THE BLUEBIRD FLIES OVER THE WALL...

"FOR A MOMENT, I AM TERRORIZED AGAIN. I HURRY ALONG THE WALL, SEEKING TO FIND AN OPENING, SO THAT I CAN *ENTER* THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN. AND THEN I *SEE* IT... A *GATE*..."

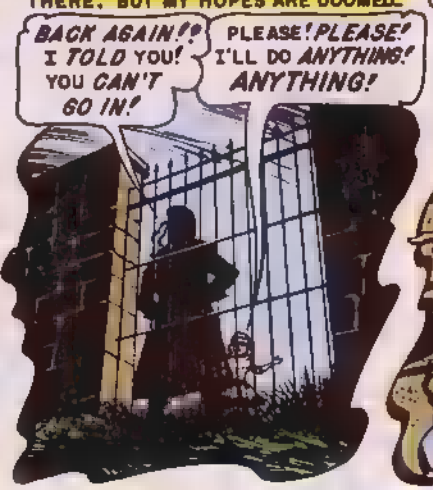
"SUDDENLY, A HUGE SENTRY STANDS BEFORE IT GUARDING IT... BLOCKING MY PATH. HE SEEMS TO BE A *SCOTCH HIGHLANDER* WITH A BRILLIANT PLAID KILT AND MATCHING TARTAN SLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER. HE GLARES AT ME..."

"I PLEAD WITH HIM, BUT HE DOES NOT STEP ASIDE. INSTEAD, HE HANDS ME A PRETTY, WHITE, STUFFED TOY... A *RABBIT*..."

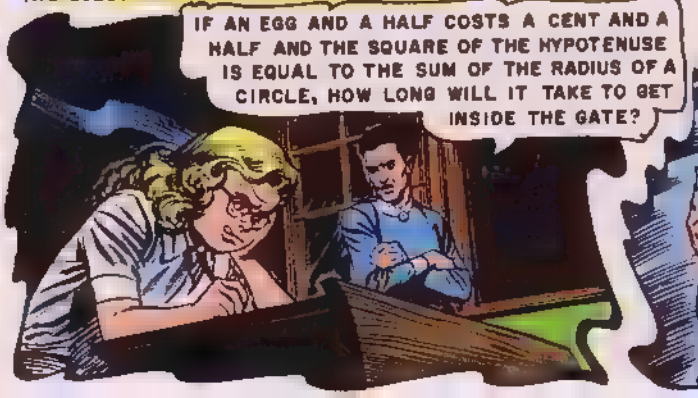


"I TAKE THE FUZZY WHITE RABBIT AND BACK OFF, SULKING. I'M *ANGRY* AT THE SENTRY! I *HATE HIM* FOR NOT LETTING ME GO INTO THE GARDEN. I LOOK DOWN AT THE TOY. IT SUDDENLY *CHANGES*. IT TURNS *OLD* AND *WORN* AND *TORN* AND *LIMP* AND *UGLY*..."

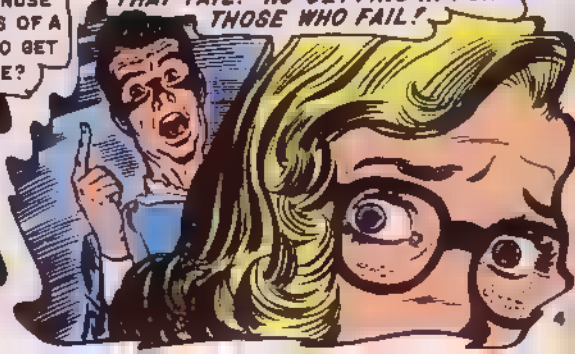
"I FLING THE RABBIT AWAY AND HURRY BACK TO THE GATE, VAINLY HOPING THE SENTRY WILL NOT BE THERE. BUT MY HOPES ARE DOOMED."



"THEN I AM IN A STRANGE SCHOOLROOM, SITTING AT A DESK, TAKING AN EXAMINATION. A TEACHER STANDS OVER ME... ASKING QUESTIONS. MY HEAD IS SWIMMING..."



"AT LAST THE GRUELING EXAM ENDS. THE TEACHER SHRIEKS AT ME..."



"I RUN FROM THE SCHOOLROOM... OUT OF THE CROOKED, UGLY SCHOOLHOUSE...SCREAMING..."

NO! *NO!* I *WILL* GET IN! I *WILL!* I *WILL!* THE SENTRY WILL *DIE* AND HE'LL BE *DEAD* AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO *STOP ME* FROM GETTING IN!

"AGAIN I RETURN TO THE GATE. IS *OPEN* NOW AND THE *SCOTCH GUARD LIES BEFORE IT...DEAD!* MY HEART POUNDS WITH EXCITEMENT. MY *WISH* HAS COME *TRUE!*"

I'M *GLAD!* I'M *GLAD!*

"I LEAP OVER HIS SPRAWLED FORM AND RUN INTO THE GARDEN...BUT WHAT I SEE MAKES ME CRY OUT IN HORROR."

NO! *NO!* IT *CAN'T* BE! IT *CAN'T!* I'VE BEEN *CHEATED!* I... I...

"THE GARDEN IS NOT BEAUTIFUL AT ALL! IT'S FOGGY AND DARK WITH GNARLED AND TWISTED TREES... AN ARID, WINDY, BLEAK DESERT. THE BLUEBIRD LIES DEAD BEFORE ME. I SCREAM..."

EEEEEEEYYAAAAAAAHHHH!

AND THEN, I WAKE UP! I *ALWAYS* WAKE UP AT THAT POINT... *SHIVERING... FRIGHTENED...*

I SEE! NOW LET'S *ANALYZE* THE DREAM, ELLEN! LET'S SEE WHAT IT *MEANS* TO YOU! *WHAT ABOUT THE BLUEBIRD?* WHAT DOES A *BLUEBIRD* MEAN TO YOU...?

A *BLUEBIRD!?* *H-HAPPINESS,* I GUESS! OF COURSE! WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I READ A BOOK ..."*THE BLUE BIRD*"... BY MAETERLINCK! I ALWAYS *LOVED* THAT BOOK. I READ IT *OVER* AND *OVER*...

GOOD! THEN THE BLUEBIRD SIGNIFIES *HAPPINESS* TO YOU. NOW... A *GARDEN?* A *BEAUTIFUL GARDEN* WITH A *WALL* AROUND IT? WHAT ABOUT *THAT?*

I *REMEMBER* A GARDEN... A *BEAUTIFUL* GARDEN ... A *LONG TIME AGO*... IN MY *CHILDHOOD*... WHEN I WAS *YOUNG*... MAYBE *FIVE* OR *SIX*...

THAT'S VERY *IMPORTANT,* ELLEN. *ALL* OF OUR *EMOTIONAL UPSETS* STEM FROM OUR *CHILDHOOD.* TELL ME WHAT YOU REMEMBER...

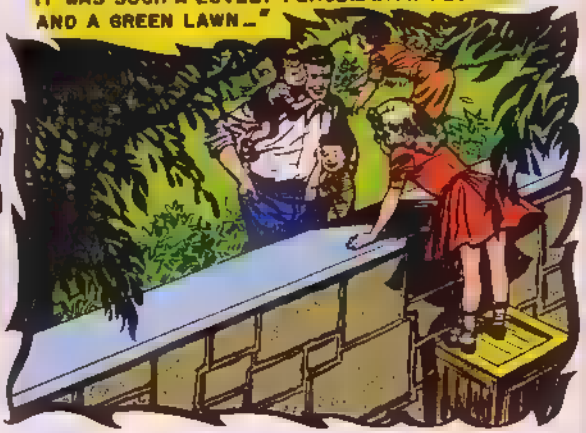
"I REMEMBER SITTING ON THE BACK PORCH OF MY HOUSE AND LISTENING TO MY MOTHER AND FATHER ARGUING. MY PARENTS CONSTANTLY ARGUED ABOUT MONEY IN THOSE DAYS. WE WERE POOR...QUITE POOR..."

BILLS! BILLS! BILLS! MARTHA, FOR PETE'S SAKE! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO CUT IT OUT! WE'RE SCRAPING BOTTOM NOW! THE SHOP IS...

THE SHOP! THE SHOP! THAT'S ALL I HEAR! IF YOU WEREN'T SO STUPID, YOU'D KNOW IT'S A FAILURE! YOU'D ADMIT IT AND GIVE IT UP... GO FIND SOMETHING ELSE...

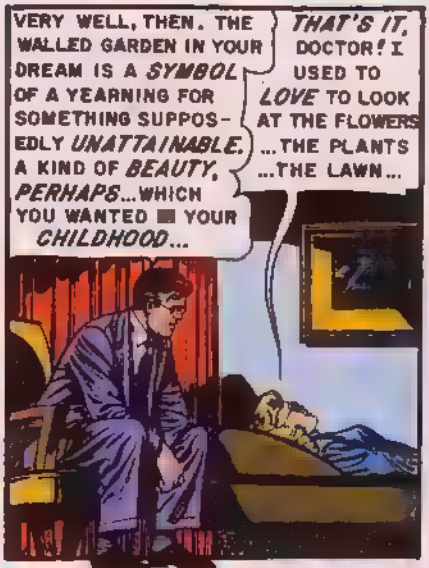
SOB...WHY DON'T THEY STOP SHOUTING AT EACH OTHER? WHY AREN'T THEY LIKE THE DUNCAN'S... NEXT DOOR?

"THE DUNCAN'S HAD THE GARDEN WITH THE WALL AROUND IT. TO MY EYES IT WAS A WONDROUS PLACE... A FAIRY LAND. I LOVED TO CLIMB UP ON A BOX AND LOOK IN AND WATCH MR. AND MRS. DUNCAN PLAY WITH THEIR CHILDREN AND LAUGH AND SING. IT WAS SUCH A LOVELY PLACE...WITH FLOWERS... AND A GREEN LAWN..."



VERY WELL, THEN. THE WALLED GARDEN IN YOUR DREAM IS A SYMBOL OF A YEARNING FOR SOMETHING SUPPOSEDLY UNATTAINABLE. A KIND OF BEAUTY, PERHAPS...WHICH YOU WANTED ■ YOUR CHILDHOOD...

THAT'S IT, DOCTOR! I USED TO LOVE TO LOOK AT THE FLOWERS ...THE PLANTS ...THE LAWN...



I USED TO WATCH MR. AND MRS. DUNCAN WEEDING... AND THEIR CHILDREN WATERING...AND PRAY FOR A GARDEN LIKE THAT WHEN I GREW UP!

WAS IT THE FLOWERS YOU WANTED, ELLEN... THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN ITSELF... OR WAS IT THE THINGS THAT WENT ON WITHIN THOSE WALLS THAT YOU YEARNED FOR?

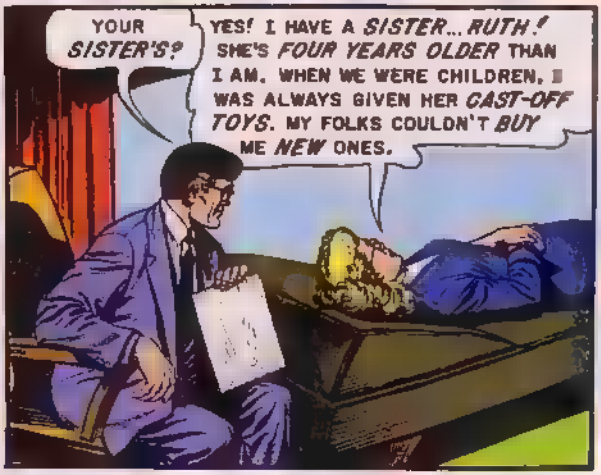
I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR!

ALL RIGHT! LET'S GO ON! WHAT ABOUT THE STUFFED TOY... THE WHITE RABBIT THAT TURNED OLD AND WORN...?

I...I REMEMBER A WHITE RABBIT TOY. IT WAS MY SISTER'S!

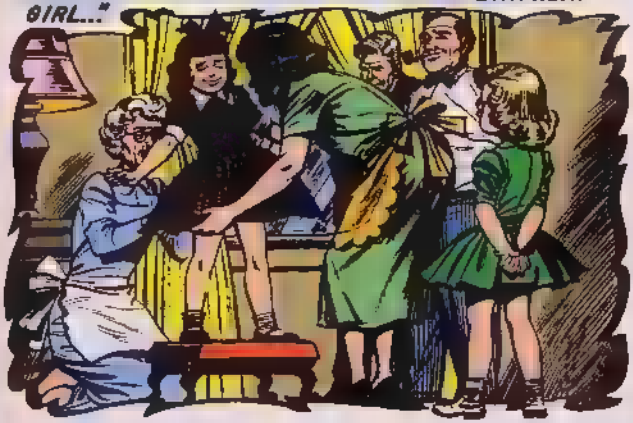
YOUR SISTER'S?

YES! I HAVE A SISTER...RUTH! SHE'S FOUR YEARS OLDER THAN I AM. WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN, I WAS ALWAYS GIVEN HER CAST-OFF TOYS. MY FOLKS COULDN'T BUY ME NEW ONES.

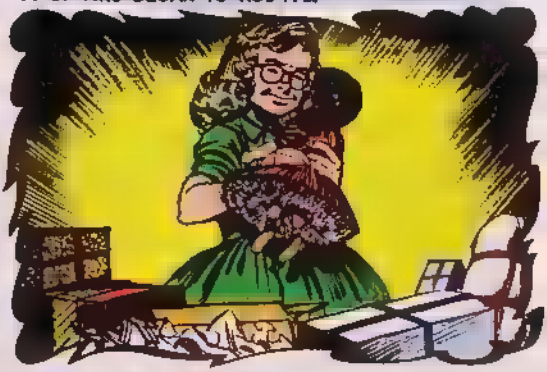


I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS VERY LITTLE, MY SISTER HAD A BIRTHDAY PARTY...

"I REMEMBER FEELING VERY LEFT OUT AND MISERABLE BECAUSE NO ONE WAS PAYING THE SLIGHTEST ATTENTION TO ME. THEY WERE ALL FUSSING OVER THE *BIRTHDAY GIRL*..."

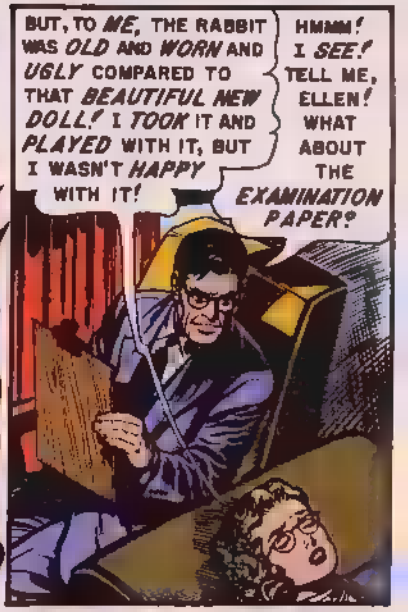


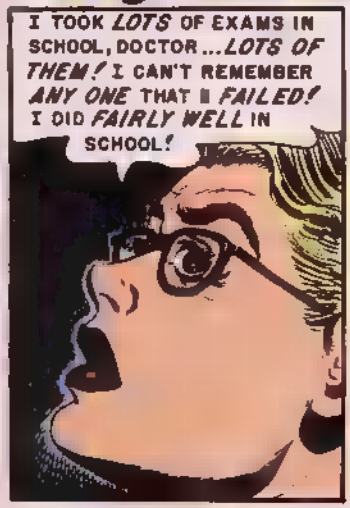
"RUTHIE'D GOTTEN A LOT OF PRESENTS. I WANDERED OVER TO THE OPENED BOXES AND BAGS. AND THEN I SAW THE DOLL... THE MOST *BEAUTIFUL DOLL IN* THE *WHOLE WORLD*. I PICKED IT UP AND BEGAN TO HUG IT..."

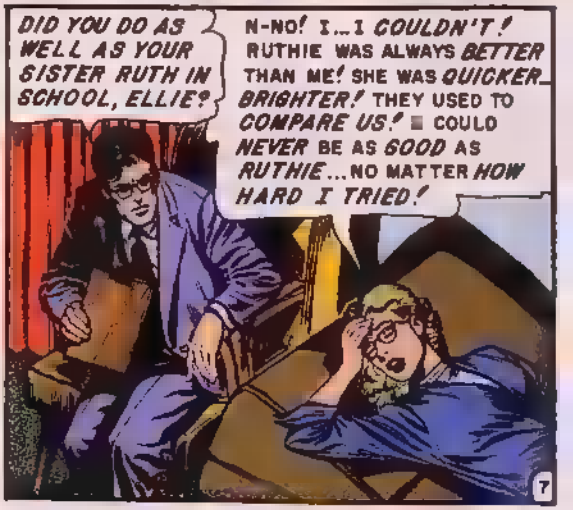


"RUTHIE RAN OVER TO ME AND SNATCHED THE DOLL AWAY. I TRIED TO TAKE IT BACK. I CRIED. I SHRIEKED. MOTHER BROKE IT UP..."

"THEN RUTHIE RAN UPSTAIRS AND CAME DOWN WITH THE STUFFED WHITE RABBIT..."







WHAT ABOUT THE SENTRY, ELLEN... THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDER WHO WOULDN'T LET YOU INTO THE GARDEN? WHO IS HE? WHAT IS HE?
I DON'T KNOW! I HAVE NO IDEA! I NEVER KNEW A MAN LIKE THAT! I...
YOU'RE NOT TELLING THE TRUTH, ELLEN. YOU KNOW WHO THE SENTRY IS! YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND HAS DISGUISED HIS TRUE IDENTITY BECAUSE YOU YOURSELF CAN'T ADMIT IT TO YOURSELF!
ADMIT WHAT...?
THE SENTRY BARRED YOUR WAY TO HAPPINESS! HE TRIED TO PACIFY YOU... WITH A CAST-OFF TOY! HE TRIED TO MAKE YOU EQUAL THE MARK ON AN EXAM PAPER! THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY FOR YOU TO REACH THE HAPPINESS YOU DREAMED OF! BY WISHING HIM DEAD! WHO WAS IT, ELLEN? WHO?
NO! NO! I NEVER WISHED ANY ONE DEAD!
WHAT DRESS DID YOUR SISTER RUTHIE WEAR AT THAT PARTY, ELLEN? DO YOU REMEMBER?
OF COURSE! IT WAS HER... HER... PLAID!
YOU HATE YOUR SISTER, DON'T YOU, ELLEN? YOU FEEL THAT SHE STANDS IN THE WAY OF YOUR HAPPINESS...AND YOU WISH HER DEAD!
NO! NO! I WON'T LISTEN TO THIS! IT'S NOT TRUE!
COME BACK, ELLEN! YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO THINK YOU CAN RUN AWAY FROM THE TRUTH! YOU'VE BEEN DOING IT LONG ENOUGH!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I HATE HER! I'VE ALWAYS HATED HER! I'VE ALWAYS ENVIED HER! BUT I NEVER WISHED HER DEAD!
A DEATH WISH IN A DREAM OFTEN DOES NOT MEAN PHYSICAL DEATH, ELLEN. IT IS AN INFANTILE WISH... WHEN DEATH MEANT 'GOING AWAY'! YOU MERELY WISHED YOUR SISTER AWAY SO THAT YOU COULD REACH THE HAPPINESS SHE WAS BLOCKING YOU FROM...
I... SOB... I ALWAYS FELT THAT SHE STOOD IN MY WAY. SHE WAS THE FAVORITE! SHE WAS THE PRETTIER! SHE WAS THE BETTER STUDENT! SHE GOT ALL THE NEW THINGS! I GOT CAST-OFFS! SHE KNEW THE BETTER TIMES! AFTER I CAME, THINGS TURNED BAD... FINANCIALLY! MOM AND DAD BEGAN TO FIGHT! RUTHIE KNEW THEM WHEN THEY WERE HAPPY!

ISN'T THAT THE GARDEN OF YOUR DREAM, ELLEN... THE REAL GARDEN? THE DUNCAN FAMILY...HAPPY TOGETHER... LAUGHING...SINGING... WORKING! ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU REALLY LONGED FOR ■ YOUR OWN GARDEN...THAT YOUR OWN MOTHER AND FATHER COULD BE LIKE THAT... WITH YOU AND RUTH?
I...I GUESS SO, DOCTOR! I DON'T KNOW! I...
...I ONLY KNOW THAT I FEEL SO GUILTY ABOUT RUTH... AND...
OF COURSE YOU DO! YOU'VE FELT GUILTY ALL ALONG! YOU'VE BEEN SUB-CONSCIOUSLY AFRAID THAT THIS RESENTMENT YOU'VE HAD FOR YOUR SISTER... THIS SECRET HATRED... WILL BRING SOME SORT OF PUNISHMENT UPON YOU. AND WHEN NO PUNISHMENT COMES, YOU PUNISH YOURSELF!
PUNISH MYSELF?! HOW...?
WITH MIGRAINE HEADACHES... DIZZINESS... FATIGUE!
YOU LITERALLY FLAGELLATE YOURSELF... BEAT YOUR OWN HEAD AGAINST THE WALL... ■ GUILT... FOR HAVING WANTED TO BEAT YOUR SISTER'S...
NOW THAT SOME OF THE BOTTLED UP RESENTMENTS AND HATREDS HAVE BEEN UNCORKED, WE'VE TAKEN THE FIRST STEPS ■ RELIEVING YOU OF YOUR HEADACHES!
BUT, DOCTOR! I DON'T UNDERSTAND ONE THING! IN MY DREAM...
...AFTER I WISH THE SENTRY DEAD AND HE DOES DIE AND I ENTER THE GARDEN... I FIND IT'S THE SAME HORRIBLE PLACE I'VE COME FROM! SO, IF MY SISTER WERE STOPPING ME FROM FINDING HAPPINESS, AND SHE WERE 'AWAY'... THAT MEANS... WELL... IT WASN'T THERE!
THAT'S RIGHT, ELLEN! EVEN YOUR OWN SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND KNEW THE ANSWER... AND ANSWERED IT IN YOUR DREAM! NOW, YOU KNOW IT! IT ISN'T YOUR SISTER AFTER ALL WHO ■ KEEPING YOU FROM HAPPINESS! IT'S YOU!
YOUR TIME IS UP FOR THIS SESSION, ELLEN. WE HAVE A LONG ROAD AHEAD OF US. WE MUST PRY DEEPLY...VERY DEEPLY. IT ■ SLOW... AND SOMETIMES PAINFUL. BUT THE REWARDS ARE GREAT. IS HAPPINESS AND PEACE WORTH THE ORDEAL?
NEED YOU ASK? WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN, DOCTOR?
THE END...

THE MAN FROM VIENNA

The era of modern psychiatry was opened more than seventy years ago by a pleasant-faced, serious man from Vienna, a doctor named Sigmund Freud. It was Freud who founded the system of pyschological therapy known as psychoanalysis.

Born in Freiberg, Moravia on May 6, 1856, Freud spent most of his professional life in Vienna. By the time he was twenty, the young doctor had established a name for himself in the field of pyschological research. His theories were startling for the day and caused a furor in medical circles where Freud was regarded as something of a heretic for flouting the long held beliefs of his older colleagues. Freud assumed that the behavior pattern of the adult stemmed from childhood experiences and that neurotic tendencies in the adult had roots in the patient's early life.

He further stated that the conscious actions of all individuals were influenced by the sub-conscious mind. According to his theory, it was the sub-conscious which governed the real motivations and desires of the individual, and the secret of his behavior pattern was concealed in the recesses of the sub-conscious.

For those cases where psychoneurotic behavior required treatment, Freud developed psychoanalysis. This was a method of tracing the disturbing neuroses to their source in the patient's past. Freud believed that if the patient found where the neurosis stemmed, he could overcome it through this exposure.

In Psychoanalysis, the patient, under the guidance of a skilled doctor, follows the paths of his own life, recreating scenes and reviving forgotten memories. A method known as free association is used to prod the memory. Free association is simply a system of connecting apparently disconnected items and linking them with an individual's experience. For instance, green might make one think of grass. It follows that grass could bring back a memory of a trip to the country as a child.

Freud's way is neither easy, nor always pleasant for the patient. But this disinternment of memories and experiences rids the subject of the fears, the guilts and the terrors left by them and helps him to a better and happier life.

For ten years, Freud worked alone in psychoanalysis. But after that decade, by 1906, others joined him and today psychoanalysis is an accepted medical therapy practised all over the world. At the time of his death, in 1939, Freud had the satisfaction of knowing that psychoanalysis had helped thousands of people to the happiness and the well-being which would have otherwise been denied them.

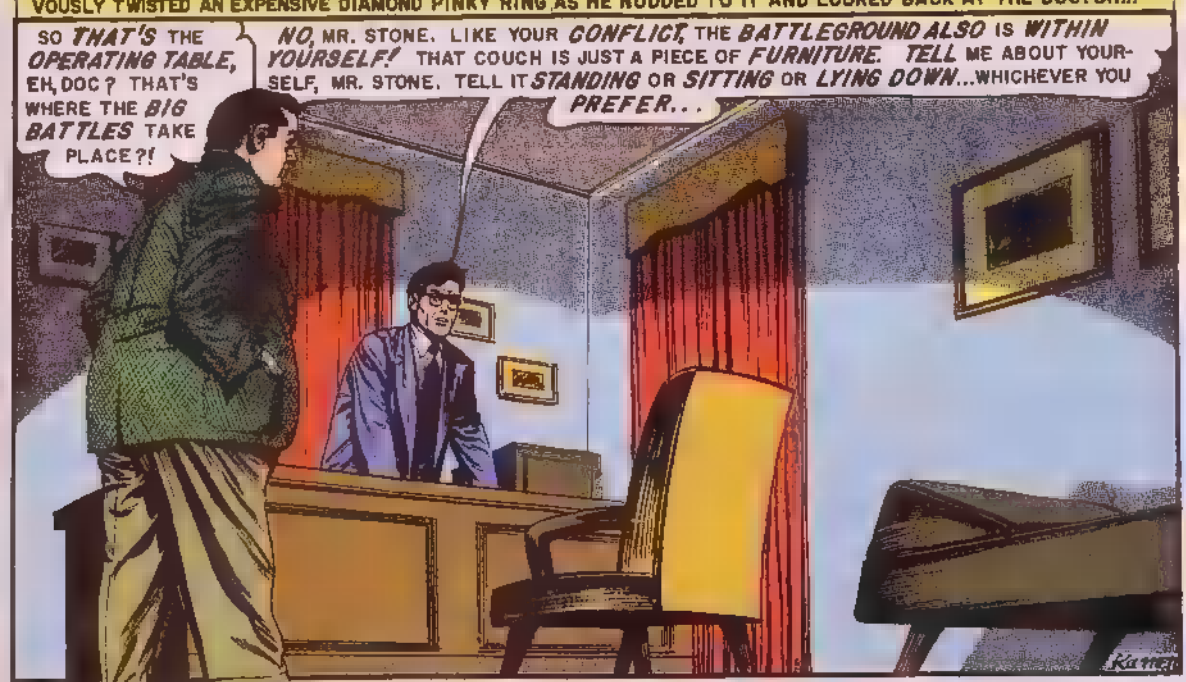
SUBJECT'S NAME:

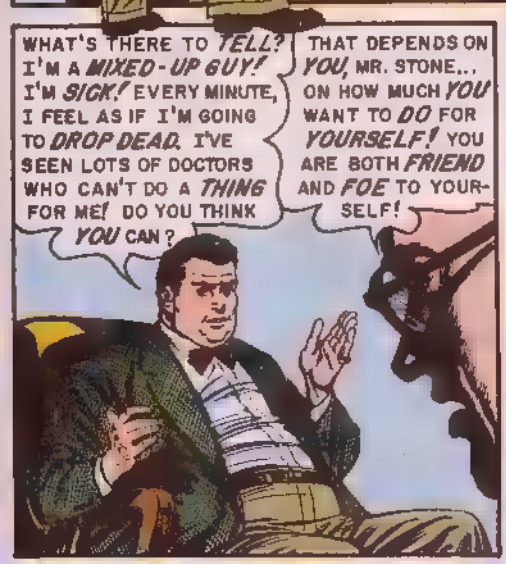
CASE NO. 103-MALE

SESSION 1

MARK STONE

THE SUBJECT WAS 28 YEARS OLD. HE SEEMED TENSE...HOSTILE...OVER-CONFIDENT IN THE MADISON AVENUE MANNER. HE WAS EXPENSIVELY TAILORED, YET GAVE THE APPEARANCE OF BEING SLOPPILY DRESSED, PERHAPS DUE TO HIS WEIGHT. HE PANTED WITH EVERY MOVEMENT OF HIS FAT BODY. HE LOOKED AROUND THE OFFICE WITH UNEASINESS AND SUSPICION. THE OVERSIZED BROWN LEATHER COUCH OCCUPIED HIS ATTENTION. HE NERVOUSLY TWISTED AN EXPENSIVE DIAMOND PINKY RING AS HE NODDED TO IT AND LOOKED BACK AT THE DOCTOR...





THE SUBJECT SMILED CYNICALLY...AND UNCONSCIOUSLY RUBBED HIS CHEST...

WHY SHOULD *I* HAVE ANXIETIES? I'VE *GOT* EVERYTHING I *WANT*. A *SCRIPT* SOLD TO *T.V.* ALMOST *EVERY WEEK* AT *$600 PER*..PLENTY OF *GIRLS*... AN *APARTMENT* IN *GREENWICH VILLAGE* WITH *ORIGINALS* ON EVERY WALL. *WHY SHOULD I HAVE ANXIETIES?*

YOU RUB YOUR *HAND* AGAINST YOUR *CHEST*, MR. STONE. *ARE YOU IN PAIN?*

NO, BUT I'M *GOING* TO BE! I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY *WHEN*, BUT *IT'LL COME!* IT *ALWAYS DOES!* IT NEVER LETS ME *ALONE!*

IT'S LIKE DYING *WITHOUT* DYING... AS IF SOMETHING IS LURKING *INSIDE* ME...WAITING TO *LEAP OUT* AT ME... *BLOW ME UP*...LIKE A *SABOTEUR*...

"IT HAPPENS *ANYWHERE*... AT *HOME* AT MY *TYPEWRITER*... ■ *BED*...WHILE I'M *EATING*...WHILE I'M *WALKING*...SUDDENLY, IT *COMES*...A *QUICK POUNDING OF MY HEART*. THEN...*NOTHING!* *NO HEART BEATS AT ALL*..."

M-MY HEART! GASP! *IT'S STOPPED*...

"SUDDENLY I *CAN'T DRAW BREATH*... AS IF MY *LUNGS* HAVE *STOPPED WORKING*. I GET A *STABBING PAIN* IN MY *CHEST*... IN MY *THROAT*. A TERRIBLE *WEAKNESS* COMES OVER ME. ■ BEGIN TO *OOZE PERSPIRATION! NAUSEA...DIZZINESS...PANIC* SEIZE ME. I'M *TERRIFIED!* FINALLY, I CAN'T *STAND* IT ANY LONGER. I *PASS OUT*..."

QUICK! GRAB THAT MAN!

HE'S FAINTED!

BUT I *COME TO* AFTER A WHILE! I *DON'T DIE!* THE EXPERIENCE ISN'T THAT *MERCIFUL!* I *LIVE ON*... IN DREAD OF THE *NEXT* ATTACK...*PRAYING IT WON'T COME*...*KNOWING IT WILL!* I HOPE THERE'LL BE *PEOPLE* AROUND WHEN IT *DOES!* I HAVE A *HORROR* OF BEING *LEFT ALONE!*

WHAT DID THE *DOCTORS SAY* ABOUT THESE ATTACKS?

THEY GAVE ME A *HUNDRED EXAMINATIONS!* THEY FOUND *NOTHING WRONG* WITH ME... *ORGANICALLY!* THEY...THEY *MUST BE RIGHT!* I'M *STILL ALIVE!* THAT'S...*THAT'S* WHY I'M *HERE!* IT... IT'S *GOT* TO BE SOMETHING *MENTAL* THAT'S CAUSING THESE ATTACKS!

BEING *CONVINCED* OF THAT IS THE *FIRST STEP* IN *ELIMINATING* THEM, MR. STONE!

A PHYSICAL ILLNESS NEED NOT BE CAUSED BY FAULTY ORGANS OR DISEASED TISSUE. IT CAN BE A PSYCHOLOGICAL DISTURBANCE THAT MERELY TRIGGERS AN ORGANIC UPSET. YOU'RE NOT EXPERIENCING REAL HEART ATTACKS, MR. STONE, BUT ACUTE ATTACKS OF ANXIETY!

ANXIETY? BULL! I'M NOT ANXIOUS ABOUT A DARN THING. IF THESE ATTACKS WEREN'T SO BLASTED PAINFUL, I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THEM EITHER.

THE SUBJECT WAS SILENT FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THEN...

ANOTHER THING! IF, AS YOU SAY, THEY'RE CAUSED BY ANXIETY, HOW COME I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS?

BECAUSE YOU'VE TRANSFORMED THAT ANXIETY! YOU'VE TURNED IT INTO A GENUINE FEAR... A HEART ATTACK! YOU'RE PRETENDING YOU DON'T HAVE AN EMOTIONAL DISORDER BY SUBSTITUTING A PHYSICAL DISORDER IN ITS PLACE!

YOUR PHYSICAL DISORDERS... YOUR HEART ATTACKS... ARE IMAGINARY, MR. STONE. BUT YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL DISORDERS, YOUR NEUROTIC DIFFICULTIES... ARE VERY REAL!

W-WHAT NEUROTIC DIFFICULTIES, DOCTOR?

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT, MR. STONE. WE'RE GOING TO UNCOVER THE EMOTIONAL CONFLICTS THAT UNDERLIE YOUR ANXIETY. WE'RE GOING TO AIR YOUR FRUSTRATIONS... YOUR REPRESSIONS... THE HOSTILE IMPULSES YOU'VE BEEN BURYING... THE THINGS YOU UNCONSCIOUSLY WANT TO DO AND WANT TO SAY AND WANT TO THINK, BUT DON'T DARE TO...

THE DOCTOR PICKED UP A FILE CARD AND STUDIED IT...

NOW LET'S SEE! YOU'RE 28... SIXTY POUNDS OVERWEIGHT... MAKING $30,000 A YEAR IN A PROFESSION THAT DEVELOPS HIGH STATES OF TENSION AND CONSTANT STRAIN... A HIGHLY COMPETITIVE...

HAH! YOU MAKE IT SOUND ALMOST EXCITING, DOC...

"YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT AN IDIOT'S EXISTENCE WRITING IS! WORKING LIKE A LUNATIC... KNOWING YOU'RE ONLY AS GOOD AS YOUR NEXT STORY... ALWAYS PLEASING SOME NUMBSKULL EDITOR OR PRODUCER... GOING CRAZY MAKING DEADLINES... LIVING ON COFFEE AND BENZEDRINE 48 HOURS STRAIGHT! AND FOR WHAT?! WHAT DO I GET OUT OF IT? WHAT AM I STRUGGLING FOR?..."

IF YOU'RE SO UNHAPPY WRITING, WHY DO YOU DO IT?

WRITING?! YOU CALL WHAT I'M DOING WRITING?! I'M MONEY-GRUBBING! I SOLD MYSELF TO THE GODS OF GREED AND LUXURY. I HAD A TALENT... A GIFT... BUT WHAT DID I DO WITH IT? TURNED MYSELF INTO A STORY-FACTORY... GRINDING OUT IDEAS... IDEAS I DON'T EVEN BELIEVE IN OR LIKE OR RESPECT...

"WHAT A MAN WRITES SHOULD BE *HIMSELF*...DRAGGED OUT OF HIS HEART AND GUTS...THINGS HE WANTS TO SAY BECAUSE HE'S *GOT* TO SAY THEM, NOT BECAUSE HE'S BEING *PAID* FOR IT. I...I *DAYDREAM* ...OF *LIVING ANYWHERE*...*EUROPE*...*ITALY*...*MEXICO*...LIVING ON *NEXT TO NOTHING*...AND *WRITING*...*REALLY WRITING*... TURNING OUT THE THINGS I *WANT TO SAY*..."

IT'S AN *IDEA*... A *VISION*...THAT KEEPS COMING *BACK* TO ME...AWAKE OR ASLEEP...OF *DROPPING EVERYTHING*... *CHANGING MY LIFE COMPLETELY*... GETTING BACK TO *MYSELF*...TO WHAT I *WAS*...*ESCAPING* THIS *TREAD-MILL*...THIS *RAT-RACE*...THIS *MONEY-GRABBING* EXISTENCE...

THAT WAS MY *PLAN*, DOC... TO GET ENOUGH MONEY SOCKED AWAY SO THAT I WOULDN'T HAVE TO *CARE* WHETHER I EARNED A DIME WRITING. THEN I COULD WRITE WHAT I *WANT!* BUT THE FUNNY THING IS... THAT FOR *ALL* MY EARNINGS, I'M *CONSTANTLY BROKE*...CONSTANTLY CHASING THE *CARROT* IN FRONT OF MY NOSE AND NEVER *REACHING* IT!

MAYBE YOU DON'T *WANT* TO! MAYBE YOU'RE *AFRAID* TO...

HUH!?

MAYBE YOU KEEP *PREVENTING* YOURSELF FROM *REACHING* YOUR GOAL BECAUSE YOU'RE *AFRAID* THAT YOUR TALENT IS *MEDIOCRE*... THAT YOU'LL *NEVER* TURN OUT ANYTHING YOU'LL BE *PROUD* OF!

MAYBE YOU *KEEP YOURSELF* IN THIS RAT-RACE TO *BLOCK* YOUR AMBITION...TO MAKE YOURSELF *ETERNALLY IN-SOLVENT!* IN THAT WAY YOU CAN *POST-PONE* THAT *DREAD MOMENT* OF *SELF-DISCOVERY!*

THAT'S A LIE! I LIVE *ONLY* TO SEE THE DAY I CAN *WRITE*... *REALLY WRITE!* IF I DIDN'T HAVE *THAT HOPE*, I'D...*I'D SHOOT MYSELF!*

...*OR HAVE A HEART ATTACK?*

NO!

YOU *ADMIT* THAT YOU'D EVEN *CHOOSE DEATH* RATHER THAN LEARN THE *TRUTH* ABOUT YOUR WRITING TALENT! WHY NOT KILL YOURSELF WITH *HEART ATTACKS?!*

YOU'RE CRAZY! I CAN WRITE! WRITING IS THE *ONE* THING I *CAN* DO! *EVERYBODY* RECOGNIZES MY *TALENT!* IT...IT *SHINES THROUGH EVERY PIECE OF COMMERCIAL MUCK I'VE TURNED OUT!* IT...

YOU NEEDN'T *PRETEND* TO *ME*, MARK! I'M THE *ONE* PERSON YOU DON'T *HAVE* TO DECEIVE! *TELL THE TRUTH!* TELL THE TRUTH TO *YOURSELF*...

I...I...CHOKE... *ALL RIGHT*, DOCTOR. *I ADMIT IT!* YOU'RE *RIGHT*. YES, I *AM* AFRAID... *TERRIFIED*...OF NOT BEING ABLE TO TURN OUT ANYTHING *GOOD* IN *CREATIVE WRITING!*

"I'M DEVOURED WITH *JEALOUSY*...*ENVY*...OF *ANYONE* WHO MAKES AN ARTISTIC SUCCESS! WHEN I SEE A PLAY OR A FILM THAT'S *GOOD*, I'M SICK FOR THE EVENING..."

WHAT'S THE *MATTER*, MARK? YOU LOOK POSITIVELY *LIVID!*

S-SOMETHING I *ATE*... *INDIGESTION*. I'LL GET A *BICARBONATE*...

"WHEN I HEAR THAT, I CAN RIP THE FOOL APART! I CAN TEAR HIM TO PIECES! HE'S *REALLY* SAYING WHAT *I THINK, MYSELF*...ONLY *I* DON'T DARE *ADMIT IT!* LET A *GIRL* I'M WITH *PRAISE SOMEONE ELSE* AND I'LL FREEZE UP WITH HATRED...

W-WHERE ARE YOU *GOING*, MARK?

HOME! YOU *BORE* THE *BEJABBERS* OUT OF ME, SISTER! YOU'VE GOT THE *BRAIN* OF A *HALF-WITTED FLEA!* GO SOAK UP SOMEONE *ELSE'S* GIN, AND *DO ME A FAVOR! CHOKE ON THAT FILET MIGNON* I ORDERED FOR YOU.

"WHEN I MEET A *LITERARY CELEBRITY*, MY *STOMACH* TURNS. I FIGHT BACK BY *IGNORING HIM* OR *CRITICIZING HIM*..."

I CAN'T SEE *WHAT* THEY'RE MAKING SUCH A *FUSS* ABOUT! THE GUY'S AN *ABSOLUTE PLAGIARIST!* HE'S *WATERED DOWN THOMAS WOLFE, THINNED OUT SINCLAIR LEWIS*, AND SPRINKLED SOME *SPICY HEMINGWAY* IN FOR *ADDED SEASONING.*

G'WAN, MARK! YOU ONLY WISH YOU COULD WRITE *HALF* AS WELL!

"BUT I'M *REALLY* ANGRY AND SICK BECAUSE IT WASN'T *ME* WHO WROTE THE HIT PLAY OR THE BEST SELLER. I THINK OF *MY* EFFORTS AS SO MUCH *TRASH*...*DRIVEL*... *FLOTSAM*."

I CAUGHT YOUR *STORY* ON *'LANTERN THEATER'* LAST NIGHT, MARK! NICE PIECE OF...

...*JUNK! THAT'S* THE WORD FOR IT! *JUNK!* SOMETHING YOU NEED ONLY *HALF A BRAIN* TO *WRITE* AND *LESS* TO *ENJOY*. I CAN'T EVEN *WATCH* MY OWN STUFF. IT *SICKENS* ME!

SO, YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR. THIS *CONFLICT* BETWEEN *ART* AND *THE BUSHWA I'M WRITING* TO KEEP MYSELF IN *ITALIAN SHIRTS* IS *TEARING ME APART!* BUT WHAT CAN I *DO?* HOW CAN I *STOP* HATING MYSELF TO DEATH FOR NOT BEING *BETTER*... *SMARTER*...*GREATER* THAN I AM? *HOW*...?

THE FACT THAT YOU NOW *OPENLY ADMIT* YOUR *SELF-HATRED*... YOUR *HORROR* OF REALIZING YOUR DREAM BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID IT WILL *REVEAL* YOUR *TRUE MEDIOCRITY*...*THIS* IS THE *BEGINNING OF HONESTY*... THE BEGINNING OF AN *INNER PEACE*...OF LEARNING TO *ACCEPT YOURSELF*... AS *EVERY* MAN SHOULD...

IF GREAT *RICHES* OR GREAT *POWER* OR GREAT *ARTISTIC TRIUMPH* WERE *EVERY* MAN'S SOLE JUSTIFICATION FOR LIVING, HOW COULD *ALL* OF HUMANITY *GO ON*...*BE HAPPY?* LIFE CAN BE REWARDING ON *EVERY LEVEL!* ANY MAN WHO CAN EARN $30,000 A YEAR OUT OF WRITING *HAS* TALENT...*IS* UNUSUAL! SOMEHOW, YOU'VE COME TO WORSHIP *FALSE GODS*... *PHONY AMBITIONS*. WHERE DID THE IDEAS THAT YOU COULD *ONLY* BE HAPPY ON THE *HIGHEST* LEVEL OF SUCCESS *COME* FROM, MARK? *WHERE? THINK BACK!*

I...I DON'T *KNOW!* AS FAR BACK AS I CAN *REMEMBER,* I WANTED TO BE A WRITER... A *GREAT WRITER...* SOMEONE WORTHY OF *IMMORTALITY!* I FELT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD *PROVE* MYSELF! MY FATHER...

YOUR FATHER! TELL ME ABOUT YOUR FATHER, MARK! TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU CAN *REMEMBER...* ANY *IMPRESSION...* EVEN IF IT DOES NOT MAKE *SENSE...*

THE SUBJECT WAS SILENT FOR A MOMENT...

I... I'M *TRYING* TO THINK OF HIM... OF THE *PAST...* OF MY *CHILDHOOD...* BUT IT'S ALL *SO FOGGY...* SO...*SO FAR AWAY!* THE *MORE I TRY THE LESS I SEE!*

DON'T TRY TO BE *LOGICAL!* DON'T *SELECT* OR *INTERPRET! TALK IT OUT... FREELY... ANYTHING THAT COMES INTO YOUR HEAD...*

I KNOW! IT'S WHAT WE CALL IN WRITING, "STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS"! WHATEVER COMES TO MIND, WRITE IT DOWN...

EXACTLY! WE CALL IT *FREE-ASSOCIATION!* YOUR SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND...YOUR HIDDEN THOUGHTS... YOUR UNDER-LYING MOTIVES, COME TO THE SURFACE ALONG WITH THESE MENTAL MEANDERINGS...

OKAY, DOCTOR! I'LL *GIVE IT A TRY!* LET'S SEE! WE LIVED *UPSTATE...* A *MANUFACTURING CITY.* IT WAS *DIRTY...*

"I REMEMBER *SMOKE*...YELLOW, BLACK, DIRTY SMOKE...UGLY *FACTORY BUILDINGS,* HALF A MILE LONG... BLACK *CHIMNEYS*...CROWDS OF *PEOPLE*...*WORKING* PEOPLE... PASSING BY THE *STORE*...MY *FATHER'S CLOTHING STORE*... '*STEIN'S CLOTHING*'..."

STEIN?!

YES, DOCTOR! *STONE* ISN'T MY *REAL NAME!* IT'S *'STEIN'! MORRIS STEIN!* SON OF *ISREAL STEIN!* WE WERE *JEWISH.*

WHY DID YOU *CHANGE* YOUR NAME?

BUSINESS REASONS! NOT THAT YOU CAN *FOOL* ANYBODY...

"THE JEW BY *ANY* NAME IS HATED! *WHY?!* THE GOOD LORD GAVE *ALL THE ROTTENNESS IN MANKIND* AN *ETERNAL TARGET*... THE *JEW!* I REMEMBER HOW THE *OTHER* KIDS *TREATED* ME... THREW *STONES* AT ME..."

DIRTY JEW!

GET OUT OF HERE!

BREAK HIS HEAD!

"SCARCELY A MONTH WENT BY THAT SOMEBODY DIDN'T HEAVE A ROCK THROUGH MY FATHER'S STORE WINDOW OR PASTE OBSCENE STICKERS ON THE DOOR. THIS WAS TOLERANT AMERICA...LAND OF JUSTICE AND FREEDOM! I FUMED AND RAGED, BUT MY OLD MAN JUST SHOOK HIS HEAD..."

IT IS NOTHING, MORRIS! IT IS MUCH WORSE IN THE OLD COUNTRY! THERE, EVEN THE LAW IS AGAINST YOU! LET THEM THROW THEIR ROCKS! WE WILL PUT IN ANOTHER PANE OF GLASS! THEY WILL *STILL* BUY FROM ME...

BUT HOW CAN YOU SELL TO THEM WHEN THEY *DO* SUCH THINGS!? DON'T YOU HAVE ANY *PRIDE!?*

"MY FATHER HAD COME OVER HERE AS A POOR IMMIGRANT. HIS ONE DREAM, ALL OF HIS LIFE, WAS TO BE FINANCIALLY SECURE. HE WAS RUTHLESS IN HIS AMBITION TO SUCCEED. ALL THROUGH MY SCHOOL YEARS HE KEPT HAMMERING THAT ONE IDEA INTO MY HEAD: 'YOU'VE GOT TO *BE* SOMEBODY...SO NOBODY CAN *HURT* YOU!'..."

YOU'VE GOT TO STUDY...STUDY...STUDY TILL YOUR EYES FALL OUT! YOUR MARKS MUST BE PERFECT! YOU MUST BE AT THE TOP OF YOUR CLASS! SECOND BEST IS NO GOOD! IN THIS WORLD, YOU'RE MEASURED BY *SUCCESS!* REMEMBER... THE BULGING POCKET IS THE EASY LIFE!

"HE'D SCREAM AT ME WHEN I SHIRKED MY DUTIES. HE'D BEAT ME WHEN I DISAPPOINTED HIM. I STOOD IN TERROR OF HIM ALL MY LIFE..."

IDIOT! B'S YOU BRING ON YOUR *REPORT CARD!* YOU DON'T GO OUT AND *PLAY* FOR A *WEEK!*

I'LL TEACH YOU TO *ANSWER* YOUR FATHER *BACK!* YOU'LL HAVE *RESPECT* OR I'LL SEE YOU *DEAD* FIRST!

EVEN *NOW*... NOW THAT HE'S *DEAD*...

HE'S *NOT* DEAD, MARK! HIS TEACHINGS, HIS IDEALS *LIVE ON* IN YOU! HIS LONGING FOR *MATERIAL SUCCESS*... HIS *IMPATIENCE* AT *NOTHING* BUT *PERFECTION*... IT'S *ALL* REFLECTED IN YOUR *DREAM* TO BE A *REALLY GREAT WRITER*... AND IN YOUR DESPERATE STRUGGLE TO *MAKE MONEY* AT THE *EXPENSE* OF YOUR DREAM!

DON'T YOU *SEE* THAT THE *ROOT* OF YOUR ANXIETY IS THIS *CONFLICT* BETWEEN *ART* AND *MONEY-SECURITY?* YOUR *OWN IDEALS* AGAINST YOUR *FATHER'S?*

BUT I'VE *HATED* MY FATHER *ALL MY LIFE!* HOW *COULD* I MAKE *HIS* TWISTED, UNHAPPY IDEALS *MINE?*

BECAUSE OF YOUR *FEAR* FOR HIM... YOUR *AWE* AND *TERROR* AND *RESPECT* FOR HIM AS A *CHILD! HIS* AMBITION TO BE A *SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN* IS *YOUR AMBITION* TO *MAKE MONEY WRITING!* AND *YOUR* DESIRE TO BE *ACCEPTED SOCIALLY*... EVIDENCED BY YOUR *CHANGING* YOUR *NAME*... IS REFLECTED IN *YOUR* DESIRE TO BECOME A *LITERARY IMMORTAL!*

THERE IS THE *CONFLICT*, MARK! YOUR FATHER *COULDN'T* BE ACCEPTED *SOCIALLY*, SO HE TRIED TO *GAIN* ACCEPTANCE *FINANCIALLY*. *YOU* WANT TO WIN THAT *SAME ACCEPTANCE* THROUGH *LITERARY SUCCESS*. THIS *OVER-SENSITIVENESS* ABOUT YOUR *RELIGION* MUST *GO*, MARK... *ALONG* WITH THOSE *"HEART ATTACKS."*

BUT WILL THEY GO, DOCTOR? GREAT SCOTT, IF I COULD ONLY BE FREE OF THEM... IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ANY MORE...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO! YOUR ANXIETY ATTACKS WILL CEASE THE INSTANT YOU RECOGNIZE THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELF!
BUT WHAT IS THE TRUTH? I'M ALL CONFUSED! THE PAST IS A JUMBLE! I NEVER REALIZED THERE WAS SO MUCH OF MY FATHER IN ME!
"YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW I DESPISED HIM. IN EVERY FAMILY QUARREL, I TOOK MY MOTHER'S SIDE AGAINST HIM... NOT BECAUSE I ALWAYS AGREED WITH HER... BUT BECAUSE WE HAD A COMMON ENEMY... THE TYRANT IN OUR HOME..."
LET HER ALONE! STOP PICKING ON HER! FROM THE MINUTE YOU WALK IN THE HOUSE, YOU'RE CRITICIZING HER!
WHAT?! YOU TELL ME HOW TO ACT IN MY OWN HOUSE!
"WHEN I DID THAT, HE'D TURN HIS FURY ON ME..."
YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT TO DO?! YOUR OWN FATHER!? I'LL BREAK YOUR HEAD FIRST! I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP! YOU WON'T HAVE A TONGUE LEFT TO SPEAK WITH!
OWWW! MA! MA!
IZZY! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! LET HIM ALONE!
HAD MY MOTHER NOT PROTECTED ME, PERHAPS MY OLD MAN WOULD HAVE BROKEN MY HEAD! MY FATHER WAS A MAN OF BLINDING RAGES! IN ANGER, HE WOULD HAVE DONE ANYTHING!
BUT USE REASON, MARK. YOURS ARE THE FEARS OF YESTERDAY, NOT TODAY! YOUR FATHER CAN'T HURT YOU NOW! WHY LET YOUR CHILDHOOD TERROR OF HIM LINGER ON? YOU'RE FIGHTING AN INVISIBLE GHOST. ANYTHING THAT REMINDS YOU OF THIS CONFLICT... THIS GUILT OF HATING HIM AND THIS DESIRE TO PLEASE HIM AT THE SAME TIME... CAN BRING ON AN ANXIETY ATTACK!
TELL ME, MARK! TELL ME OF THE LAST ATTACK YOU HAD! TELL ME EXACTLY WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW IT WAS!
IT... IT HAPPENED LAST WEEK! I... I COULDN'T WRITE SO I DECIDED TO TAKE A BREATHER! I WENT UPTOWN... TO SEE A BALL GAME...
"IT WAS A TOUGH, TIGHTLY CONTESTED GAME. THE PARK WAS PACKED. THE HOME TEAM WAS LOSING. THERE WAS THIS KID... THIS RAGAMUFFIN WHO MUST'VE SAVED FOR WEEKS TO GET IN THAT DAY. HE MUST HAVE LET HIS EXHUBERANCE GET THE BETTER OF HIM. HE RAN DOWN THE AISLE AND FLUNG HIS CRUMPLED LUNCH BAG AT THE VISITOR'S DUGOUT..."
THAT c#x?$!! KID! HEY, GUARD! HEY, GET THAT KID!
C'MERE, YOU!
WHATTAYA WANT WITH ME? I DIDN'T DO NUTHIN'!

"THE KID TURNED PALE. THE GUARD TURNED UGLY. HE GRABBED THE YOUNGSTER WITH VENOM AND FURY..."

YOU CRUMMY LITTLE LIAR! I SAW YOU HEAVE THAT BAG! YOU'RE GETTIN' OUT!

OWWW LE'ME GO! OWWWW...

"THE KID STRUGGLED. THEN THE GUARD BEGAN TO HIT THE KID. I STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT... HORRIFIED. EVERY BLOW THE BIG BULLY RAINED ON THE BOY HURT ME..."

PLEASE! LE'ME GO! OWWW! I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'! OWWW...

"THEN, IT CAME! THE SUDDEN PAIN... SICKENING...TERRIFYING. MY HEART..."

CHOKE...

HEY! LOOK AT THAT GUY!

HE'S IN TROUBLE!

I... I FAINTED. LATER, WHEN I CAME TO, I *HATED MYSELF* FOR STANDING THERE SO *HELPLESSLY...LETTING* THE KID BE BEATEN! WHY DID I *STAND* THERE? WHY DIDN'T I *DO* SOMETHING!

BECAUSE IN YOUR MIND *YOU* WERE THAT BOY... BEATEN, ABUSED, HUMILIATED, HELPLESS! THE GUARD WAS YOUR *FATHER!* YOU DIDN'T HELP THE CHILD BECAUSE, IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS, YOU FELT HELPLESS AS YOU DID WHEN YOU WERE A *CHILD*, AND *HE'D* BEAT YOU!

YOU WEREN'T *WORKING!* YOU'D *STOLEN* A DAY OF *RELAXATION!* YOU FELT *GUILTY!* YOU WEREN'T BUSY TRYING TO *PLEASE* YOUR FATHER... TRYING TO *ACHIEVE ACCEPTANCE* BY *MONETARY GAIN.* YOU HAD TO *PUNISH* YOURSELF AS THAT *BOY* WAS BEING *PUNISHED.* THE *GUARD* WAS THE *REMINDER*... THE *TRIGGER* THAT SET OFF YOUR *CONFLICT* ONCE MORE!

YOU WERE DOING SOMETHING *YOU* WANTED TO DO! YOU WERE GOING *AGAINST* YOUR FATHER'S *WISHES*... JUST THE SAME AS IF YOU'D *GIVE UP* YOUR *COMMERCIAL WRITING* AND TRY *HONEST, SINCERE ART,* YOU'D BE *GOING AGAINST YOUR FATHER'S WISHES!* YOU'D FEEL *GUILTY!* YOU FEEL GUILTY *NOW* EVEN *THINKING* ABOUT IT... *DREAMING ABOUT IT!*

YOU CANNOT DO BOTH, MARK! YOU CANNOT *PLEASE YOUR FATHER* AND *PLEASE YOURSELF* AT THE *SAME TIME!* YOU MUST LEARN TO *SEE* YOUR FATHER FOR *WHAT HE WAS!* YOU MUST LEARN TO *UNDERSTAND* HIM FOR WHAT HE WAS! *THEN,* IF YOU *REJECT* HIS IDEALS, YOU WILL NOT FEEL *GUILTY*... YOU WILL NOT *PUNISH* YOURSELF!

THIS IS THE *CAUSE* OF YOUR *ANXIETY!* THIS IS WHAT WE MUST DELVE INTO *FURTHER!* YOUR TIME IS *UP* NOW, BUT WE'LL GO *DEEPER* INTO THIS CONFLICT AT OUR *NEXT SESSION!*

THANK YOU, DOCTOR!

THE PSYCHIATRIST WILL MEET *FREDDY CARTER* AND *ELLEN LYMAN* AND *MARK STONE* FOR THEIR SECOND SESSION IN THE SECOND ISSUE OF *"PSYCHOANALYSIS"!* WILL YOU?